Rew, euen for Ruth, heere ſhortly ſhall be ſeene,
In remembrance of a weeping Queene. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bullingbrooke, Aumerle, and others.

Bull. Call, foorth Bagot. *Enter Bagot.*
Now Bagot, freely ſpeake thy mind,
What thou doſt know of noble Glocesters death,
Who wrought it with the King, and who performde
The Bloodie office of his timeleſſe end?

Bagot. Then ſet before my face the Lord *Aumerle.*

Bull. Cooſin, ſtand foorth, and looke vpon that man.

Bagot. My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue,
Scornes to vnſay what once it hath deliuered:
In that dead time when Glocesters death was plotted,
I heard you ſay, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the reſtfull Engliſh court
As farre as Callice to mine Vnckles head?
Amongſt much other talke, that very time,
I heard you ſay, that you had rather refuſe
The offer of an hundred thouſand Crownes,
Then *Bullingbrookes* returne to England, adding withall,
How bleſt this land would be in this your Cooſins death.

Aum. Princes, and noble Lords,
What anſwere ſhall I make to this baſe man?
Shall I ſo much diſhonour my faire ſtarres,
On equall tearmes to giue him chaſticement?
Either I muſt, or haue mine Honour ſoyld
With the attainder of his ſlaunderous lips:
There is my gage, the manuall ſeale of death,
That markes thee out for Hell: thou lieſt,
And will maintaine what thou haſt ſayd, is falſe,
In thy heart blood, though being all too baſe
To ſtaine the temper of my knightly Sword.

Bull Bagot, forbeare, thou ſhalt not take it vp.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt
In all this preſence, that hath mooud me ſo.

Fitz. If that thy valour ſtand on ſimpathie,
There is my gage *Aumerle*, in gage to thine;

By